

The stony girthes of Citties: me thy puple,
Yongest follower of thy Drom, instruct this day
With military skill, that to thy lawde
I may advance my Streamer, and by thee,
Be stil'd the Lord o' th day, give me great Mars
Some token of thy pleasure.

*Here they fall on their faces as formerly, and there is heard
clanging of Armor, with a short Thunder as the burst of
a Battaile, whereupon they all rise and bow to the Altar.*

O Great Corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of ore-rank States, thou grand decider
Of dustie, and old tytes, that healt with blood
The earth when it is sicke, and curst the world
O' th pluresie of people; I doe take
Thy signes auspiciously, and in thy name
To my designe; march boldly let us goe.

Exeunt.

*Enter Palamon and his Knights, with the former obser-
vance.*

Pal. Our stars must glister with new fire, or be
To daie extinct; our argument is love,
Which if the goddesse of it grant, she gives
Victory too, then blend your spirits with mine,
You, whose free noblenesse doe make my cause
Your personall hazard; to the goddesse *Venus*
Commend we our proceeding, and implore
His power unto our partie. *Here they kneele as formerly.*
Haile Sovereigne Queene of secrets, who hast power
To call the feirest Tyrant from his rage;
And wepe unto a Gire; that ha'st the might
Even with an ey-glance, to choke *Mars's* Drom
And turne th'allarme to whispers, that canst make
A Cripple flourish with his Crutch, and cure him
Before *Apollo*; that may'st force the King
To be his subjects vassaile, and induce
Stale gravitie to daunce, the pould Bachelour
Whose youth like wonton Boyes through Bonfyres
Have skipt thy flame, at seaventy, thou canst catch
And make him to the scorne of his hoarse throte

Abuse

Abuse yong laie
Hast thou not p
Add't flames, h
Did scotch his
All moyst and c
Her Bow away,
Me thy vould S
As t'wera wrea
Then Lead it sel
I have never be
Nev'r reveald f
Had I kend all t
Vpon mans wit
Of liberall wits
Sought to betra
At simpring Sir
To large Confes
If they had Mo
And women t'v
Of eightie winte
A Lasse of foure
To put life into
Had screw'd his
The Gout had l
Torturing Conv
Had almost drav
In him seem'd t
Had by his yong
Belec'd it was h
And who woul
To those that pra
To those that bo
To those that wo
Yea him I doe no
The fowlest way
The boldest lang
And vow that lo
Truer then I. O